

WHO REMOVED LEGEND FROM NATIONAL WOMEN'S MEMORIAL? SUFFRAGE LEADERS PROBE INDIGNITY TO GROUP IN CAPITOL

MOVED FROM PLACE, UNIQUE MARBLE ALSO LOSES INSCRIPTION

Sculptress Discovers Defacement of Her Novel Monument to Originators of Movement in Emancipation of Their Sex Which Was to Have Remained in Center of Crypt of the Capitol Building for All Time.

By VICTOR FLAMBEAU.

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WHEN Mrs. Adelaide Johnson, sculptor of the decidedly unique group of three pioneer woman's rights leaders, arrived in Washington from New York last week, she found that the marble monument, upon the composition of which she had expended the best effort of years, had been removed to a place of honor in the center of the crypt of the National Capitol originally intended to be the tomb of Washington, but the inscription had been removed!

Mrs. Johnson, who had executed the work at Carrara, Italy, where the marble was quarried, and brought it to America, via Genoa, on the steamship "Dante Alighieri" last spring for the dedication, had purposely placed this inscription upon the back of the monument, that it might not divert the spectator's attention as he looked at the noble faces of the three pioneer women.

Why was the inscription erased? Was it because its fervor offended the ideas of certain conscientious politicians on Capitol Hill? Who can say! However, it was erased. And now that the figures stand there, unexplained, it may be of interest to learn what that inscription was, and why the sculptor eulogized them as she did.

Of course, as everyone knows, the two women represented are, first, Lucretia Mott, a Quaker preacher, who attended the World Anti-Slavery convention in London in 1845, as a delegate along with Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison. Lucretia Mott, with two other women, was denied the privilege of sitting in the convention and speaking with the other delegates, who were men. Wendell Phillips rose and said, after the vote excluding her and her two companions, "Now that the question has been settled I doubt not that the ladies will take their place in the gallery with complacency."

GREAT ABOLITIONIST TO THE RESCUE.

But William Lloyd Garrison sprang up and cried, "I refuse to take part in these deliberations. I will take my place in the gallery with the women."

At this time in London Lucretia Mott met Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the second in the group. Mrs. Stanton was there on her honeymoon. Together the two planned a Women's Rights Convention which was held in America in 1848. Later on Miss Susan B. Anthony joined their movement, and became a most active leader and organizer, hence her figure towers somewhat above the others, though she occupies the background of this group in the National Capitol.

During her busy life, Lucretia Mott found time to be a wife and mother, having some seven children. In 1888 the first International Congress of Women was held in Washington, celebrating the 40th anniversary of the Women's Rights Convention of 1848. Of this Congress of 1888, the sculptor says, "I rushed all the way from Italy in order to be present. I first portrayed Miss Anthony in 1886. I modeled her eight times."

Adelaide Johnson, the sculptor, is one of those fragile little women of whom one immediately wonders how she could wield the mallet and chisel on marble and bronze, or how she came to choose the exacting profession of sculptor. Yet that is the vocation she has passionately followed all her life.

She was born in Plymouth, Hancock county, Ill., grew up on a farm, but began her studies very early at the St. Louis School of Design, for in 1877 she was awarded prizes at the State exposition. Later she studied in Dresden, and in 1884 in Rome she became a student of the celebrated Italian sculptor, Monteverde, afterward a Senator. Mrs. Johnson was his only pupil. She also studied with Altini in Rome, where he opened his studio to her.

STARTED EARLY TO MODEL WOMAN LEADERS.

Although she says with pride that she has broken every convention, yet one knows instinctively that Adelaide Johnson has never failed in propriety, good taste, or the lawful. She has always had a studio in Rome, where, with the exception of the large group now in the Capitol, for which she went to Carrara to work, her important commissions have been executed.

"When I began, in 1886," says

Mrs. Johnson, going back to the time when she first modeled Susan B. Anthony, "I had then the realization of this mighty period in human evolution. I had the realization that at such transitional periods we were not living in a time when great spiritual art would be created. Of course, I didn't know that the great war was coming, but I had been trained to study these matters in a way that most people know nothing about, a very necessary part of the sculptor's analytical fund.

"I started out to record the great personalities of the time, to make their portraits before they should pass away. My career up to the present has been that I began with the idea of creating a gallery of eminent women as far back as thirty years ago, making these three great ones the nucleus."

As there has been such divided opinion about Mrs. Johnson's monument in the Capitol it must be stated here that many foreign artists of note have seen and praised her work, Italian, Japanese, and British. Prof. Ferrari, leading Italian sculptor and president of the Royal Institute di Belli Arti, made the journey all the way from Rome to Carrara to see the noted group.

Among Mrs. Johnson's sitters have been Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, the late John Burroughs, General and Mrs. John A. Logan, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Lillian Whiting, Ellen Hardin Walworth, a founder of the D. A. R., and a host of noted reformers, especially the three portrayed in the Capitol. The bust of the sculptor's brother, Charles Lincoln Johnson,



MRS.
ADELAIDE
JOHNSON

a banker of Huston, Texas, is a conspicuously beautiful head, showing a strong and spiritual face.

Mrs. Johnson's portrait of Susan B. Anthony in the Metropolitan Gallery was placed there in 1906, on the grand stairway beside George Washington, a very unusual recognition for both the sculptor and her subject, that it should have been accepted during the life of the sitter. It is the same bust which Mrs. Johnson repeated in the group.

The first models of these heads were made thirty years ago. Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony were modeled from life. The three were in the Corcoran Gallery for eleven years. They were also exhibited in the Court of Honor of the Woman's Building at the World's Columbian Exposition.

WHITTIER HELPED ARTIST'S PLANS.

Mrs. Johnson was one of the early members of the American Federation of Arts, and she has always kept in close touch with American art affairs, whether she had her studio in London, Paris, Rome, New York or Chicago. She has crossed the ocean thirty-two times. In Rome she occupied in 1910 the former studio of the American sculptor, William Wetmore Story, whom she had known. Other friends in Rome



JOHN BURROUGHS

were Randolph Rogers and Ives, both American sculptors.

The large portrait monument was presented to the nation with imposing ceremony in the Rotunda of



TOP, from right to left, portrait bust of Lucretia Mott, Quaker woman preacher and original suffragist, which forms leading figure in sculptured group; portrait bust of Susan B. Anthony in Metropolitan Museum, which was repeated in Mrs. Johnson's group; sculptress at work on group in her studio in Carrara, Italy; Mrs. Adelaide Johnson, the sculptress.

BOTTOM: Finished group displayed in Mrs. Johnson's studio in Italy; portrait bust of the late John Burroughs, said to be finest work of Mrs. Johnson.

the Capitol on the 161st anniversary of Susan B. Anthony's birth, February 15, 1921. It was the culmination of a project entered into during the life of Miss Anthony, when the contract for them was signed in 1890. The plan was fostered by such patrons as John Greenleaf Whittier, the poet, George

W. Childs, founder of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, and many others. Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, official historian of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, was given power of attorney to continue the negotiations. Comments of people on this group would fill a book. George Bernard

Shaw said, when he saw it, "Those are people, those aren't masks." While Mrs. Johnson watched over the group after its arrival during the week before they were admitted to the Capitol for the unveiling, she overheard many entertaining remarks. The watchman exclaimed, "Well, isn't it just wonderful to see

these great women coming out of that marble! Why did no one ever think to bring them out before? Now that was just exactly what they did."

A man who was an acquaintance of the sculptor interpreted it thus, "I would say, Mrs. Johnson, you have just intended to make the whole story of what the women have had to go through."

A stranger, evidently a cultivated man, was overheard to chuckle: "Another Trojan horse within the walls of Troy."

The sculptress herself said of her group to a prominent member of the Woman's party: "If I had brought you something like the Three Graces with arms twined around each other, you might have had an easy time of it. But a thousand years from now you would have seen no groups standing by the monument, asking questions. If I had brought you something mediocre instead of something of distinction, it would have attracted no comment. The work will stand."

Seven tons this marble group weighs. Of how she and her stone cutters chipped with greatest care this unusually perfect but very brittle stone Mrs. Johnson tells an interesting story. Much more she tells of how she studied the life and character of each of her three friends here portrayed, and of how she embodied in the inscription all the aspiration and meaning of her marble group—that inscription which is now craved from the back of the pedestal.

And now—the inscription that gave life and meaning to the huge block of white Carrara marble has gone!

Why was it removed? Mrs. Johnson and the members of the various women's organizations interested in the group are anxious to know. They may ask even Congress to investigate.

WEATHER BUREAU IS REAL MIRACLE WORKER

Not One Storm Out of
One Hundred Is Mis-
judged by Miraculous
Instruments Over on
M Street.

CURRENT rumor has it that the day of miracles is one with the Dodo and the Great Auk. That may be true. If so it is a blood relative which has settled down upon Washington.

This city has often been referred to as the City of Wonders. Most of those wonders seem to have coagulated into one spot. Said spot being in the immediate vicinity of Twenty-fourth and M streets northwest. Look around there and you can't help seeing the home of the United States Weather Bureau.

This place is juicier with modern version of the miracle than any other in the city.

These Weather Bureau men know more about the weather than Jupe Pluvius, the boy who makes so much of it.

During the history of the bureau the record of performance on prediction of all major storms has been within a mere shade of absolute perfection. Not one storm out of 100 is misjudged.

However, it is the minor weather

disturbances, of purely local character and of small consequence by which the public generally judges the bureau. And, as it is practically impossible to predict minor local changes accurately, the bureau is made the thing of jest, in spite of the fact that the performance on prediction of local changes is correct in 90 per cent of all cases.

Among the most wonderful of all the wonderful things to be seen at the bureau is an instrument which records, automatically, on one sheet of paper, all the weather phenomena. This record shows, minute by minute, whether the sun was shining, whether the wind was blowing, and if so from what direction and at what velocity, whether it was raining or snowing and the speed of fall, and the temperature.

FINAL WORD IN WEATHER.

The interior instrument, on the third floor of the building, is not impressive in appearance. It consists of little more than a drum on which the record sheet is placed, four pens, and a few electro-magnets. The whole is under a glass dome and much resembles a stock ticker.

Yet the record sheet from this instrument is the final word, from which there is no appeal, in cases where the weather plays an important part in legal controversies. The delicate traceries of those four little pens have meant the settling of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Railroad companies, engaged in shipping perishable goods, accept the verdict of those sheets without question, paying claims without further word if the sheet shows them in the wrong. Many railroad and shipping companies receive copies of this sheet daily and settle all claims involving the weather by reference to it.

Did you know that the Weather Bureau had saved people of this country more than \$50,000,000 merely by issuing a daily shipping forecast? That is but one of the wonders of the bureau. No large shipper will undertake to handle perishable goods today without first consulting the Weather Bureau.

The apple man in Oregon, for example, before sending his cars, will secure from the Weather Bureau a complete forecast of the temperatures to be expected along the entire route to be followed. If a dangerous cold is predicted the cars do not go. In some cases they are moved into roundhouses for warmth.

Often shipments of perishable goods are speeded up when it is found possible to carry them in advance of the expected cold or heat. Advance notices often hold up shipments until the cold has passed.

FORECASTS INVALUABLE.

Temperature forecasts are invaluable to thousands. Farmers, fishermen, greenhouse men, heating and lighting plants, plumbers, stockyard men, concrete workers, street railway companies, coal dealers, ice

factories, stock raisers, all need them daily.

Rain forecasts reach as wide a number. Storm warnings are universally needed and flood warnings are indispensable in all river industries.

There are in the United States about 204 Federal Weather Bureau stations. In addition, there are stations in Canada and abroad from which daily records are received. In all the Washington bureau receives reports twice daily from about 260 stations.

The observations are taken by all these stations at 8 a. m. and 8 p. m. daily. By 8:30 the reports are on the wire and by 9:30 the bulk of them are in Washington. By 10 or 10:30 the complete forecast for the nation, figured from the observations, are on the wire to all parts of the country.

CODE IS USED.

All observation reports are sent in code for economical reasons. A sample code message and its translation, taken this week, follow:

"Green seeming Genital occasion warfare Allgown."

Which, translated, reads:

"Green Bay, Wis. Barometer, 29.84, 8 p. m.; temperature, 56 degrees. Wind southeast, weather cloudy, maximum temperature 66 degrees. Wind velocity 8 miles, precipitation .02, thunderstorm from 5 to 6 p. m., clouds 8 alto stratus from the southeast."

These code messages come in at

the bureau's telegraph station.

The operator, skilled from years of such work, translates the messages as they come, rattling off the translation as fast as he can talk. Other men sit with their maps before them, and from his dictation, take the portion that affects their work, check it down, draw in the lines showing temperature boundaries, pressure boundaries, known technically as isobars and isotherms, and other data. Printers transform the telegraphers' speech into metal cast as it comes. By the time the last word is received the last stick of type is ready for the printer, in another building.

The maps are completed. The forecaster takes the different maps, looks them over, and rapidly dictates off the forecasts for all portions of the country. Within fifteen minutes after the last observation is in the first weather forecast is on its way out. The printed sheets follow within an amazingly brief time.

REAL OBSERVATION BALLOONS.

Every day at 3 p. m. observation is made of the wind currents of the upper air, showing their velocity and direction. These observations are made by means of small free balloons. The "shooting" of the balloons is an art in itself. Each balloon, looking much like the balloon the man sells on the corner, is weighed. It must be inflated with just so much hydro-

gen, so that it will rise at a predetermined speed. This speed averages 180 meters a minute. The balloon is fastened over a hydrogen tube affixed to a scale pan so that when a certain weight is lifted the right amount of hydrogen has been admitted.

The balloon, inflated, is about two feet in diameter. It is carefully measured both from opening to top and across. When released its course is followed by accurate instruments and the position noted at one minute intervals indicated by a buzzer. Then by comparison the desired facts regarding the wind velocity are determined.

The present chief of the bureau is Charles F. Marvin. The assistant chief is Charles C. Clark, who is in charge of the automatic recording of those priceless record sheets.

Edgar B. Calvert is chief of the forecast division and is in charge of the dissemination of forecasts and records. The forecasters are Edward H. Bowie and Charles L. Mitchell.